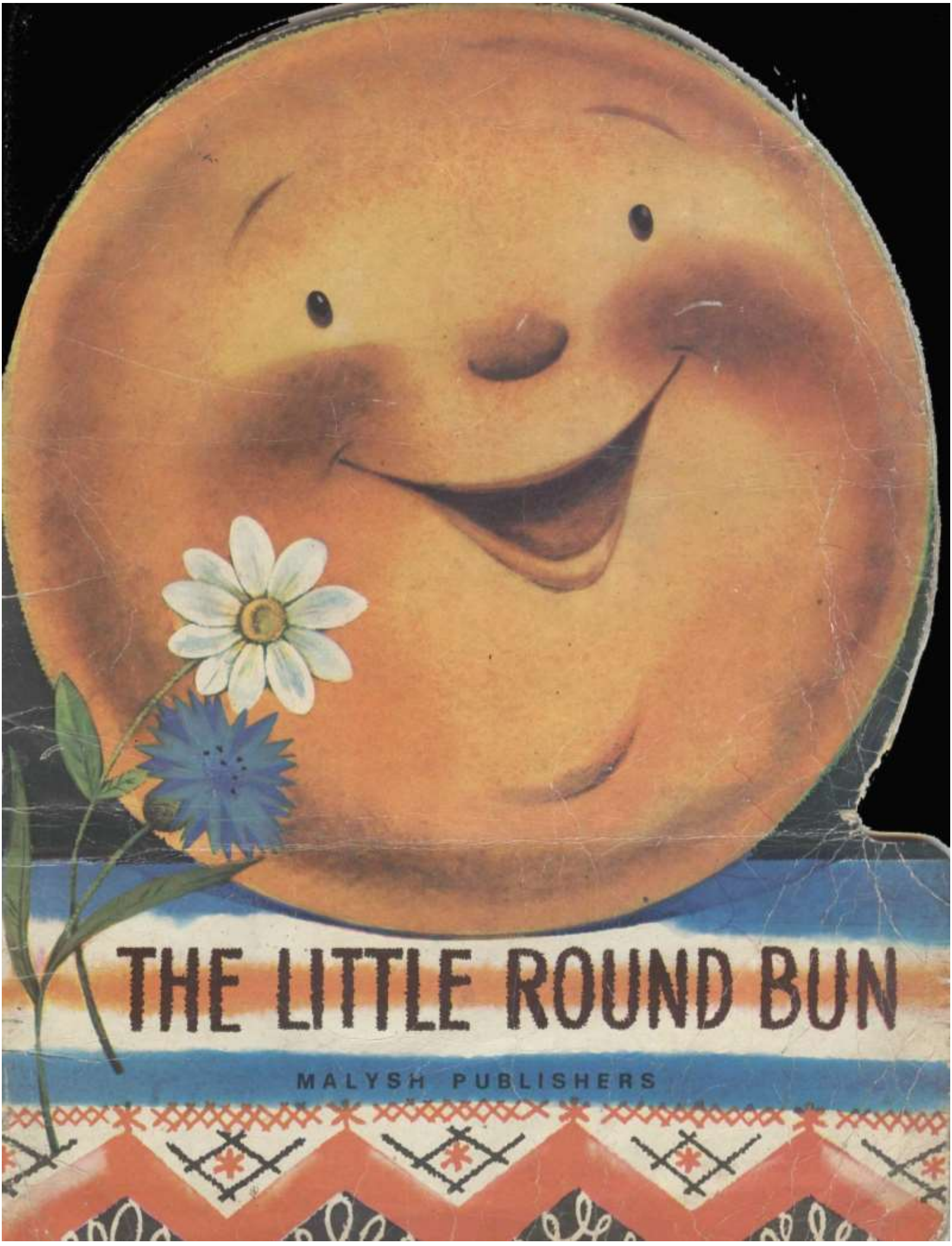

THE LITTLE ROUND BUN
MALYSH PUBLISHERS

Once upon a time there lived an old man and an old woman. One day the old man said:

"Do bake me a bun, old woman."
So the old woman scraped out the flour-box and swept out

the bin, and, out of the flour she now had, she made some dough, shaped a little round bun out of it, baked it and put it on the window sill to cool.

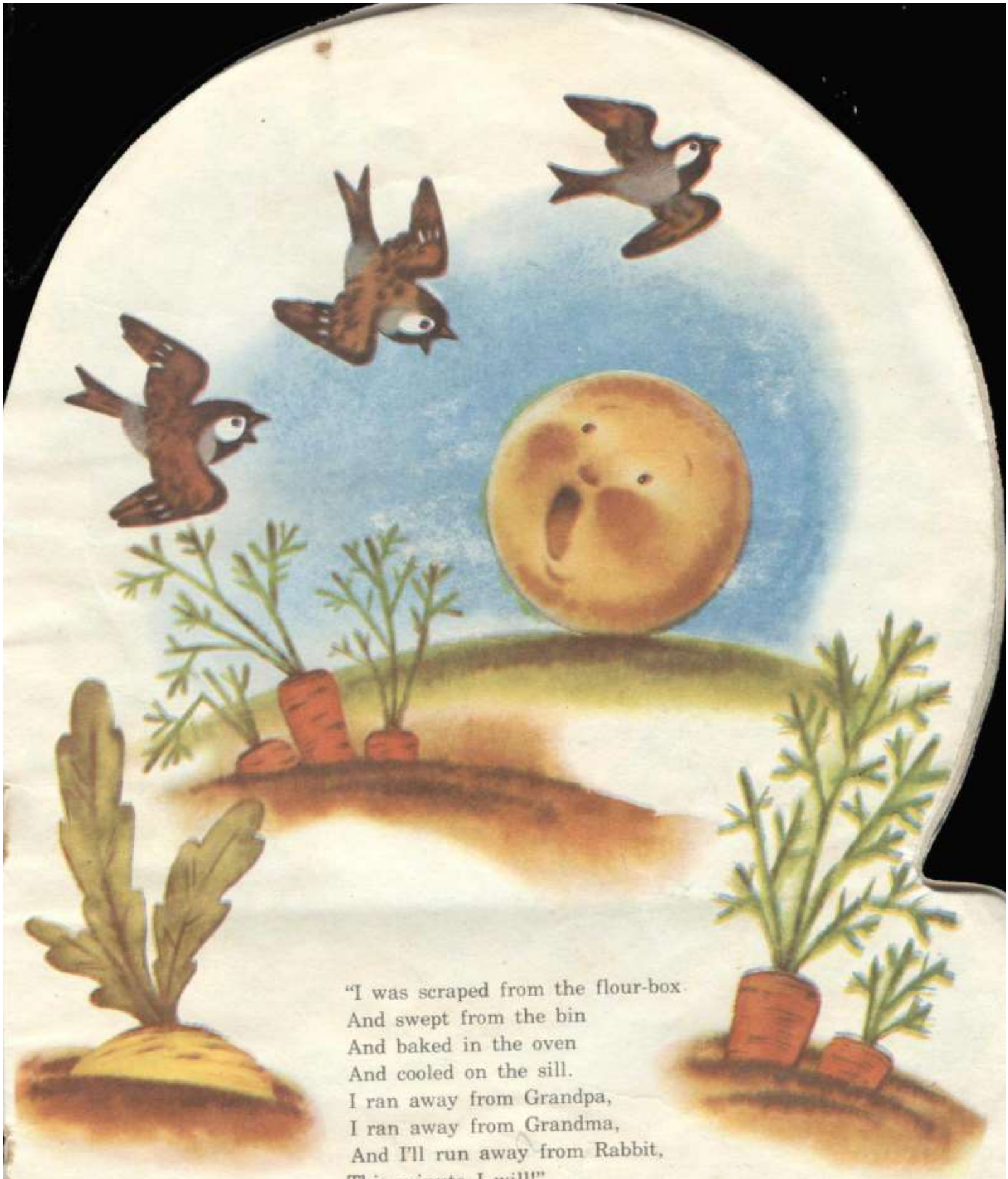
The little round bun lay there for a time and then it suddenly started rolling. From the window it rolled to the bench, from the bench to the floor and then to

the door. It hopped over the threshold and on to the porch, from the porch to the yard, from the yard to the gate, from the gate to the road, and it never stopped but rolled on and on.

By and by it met a Rabbit coming toward it.

"Stop, Little Round Bun!" called the Rabbit. "I am going to eat you up."

"Don't do that, Squint-Eyes, let me sing you a song," said Little Round Bun, and it began to sing:



"I was scraped from the flour-box
And swept from the bin
And baked in the oven
And cooled on the sill.
I ran away from Grandpa,
I ran away from Grandma,
And I'll run away from Rabbit,
This minute I will!"

And off it rolled and away.

By and by it met a Wolf coming toward it.

"Stop, Little Round Bun!" called the Wolf. "I'm going to eat you up."

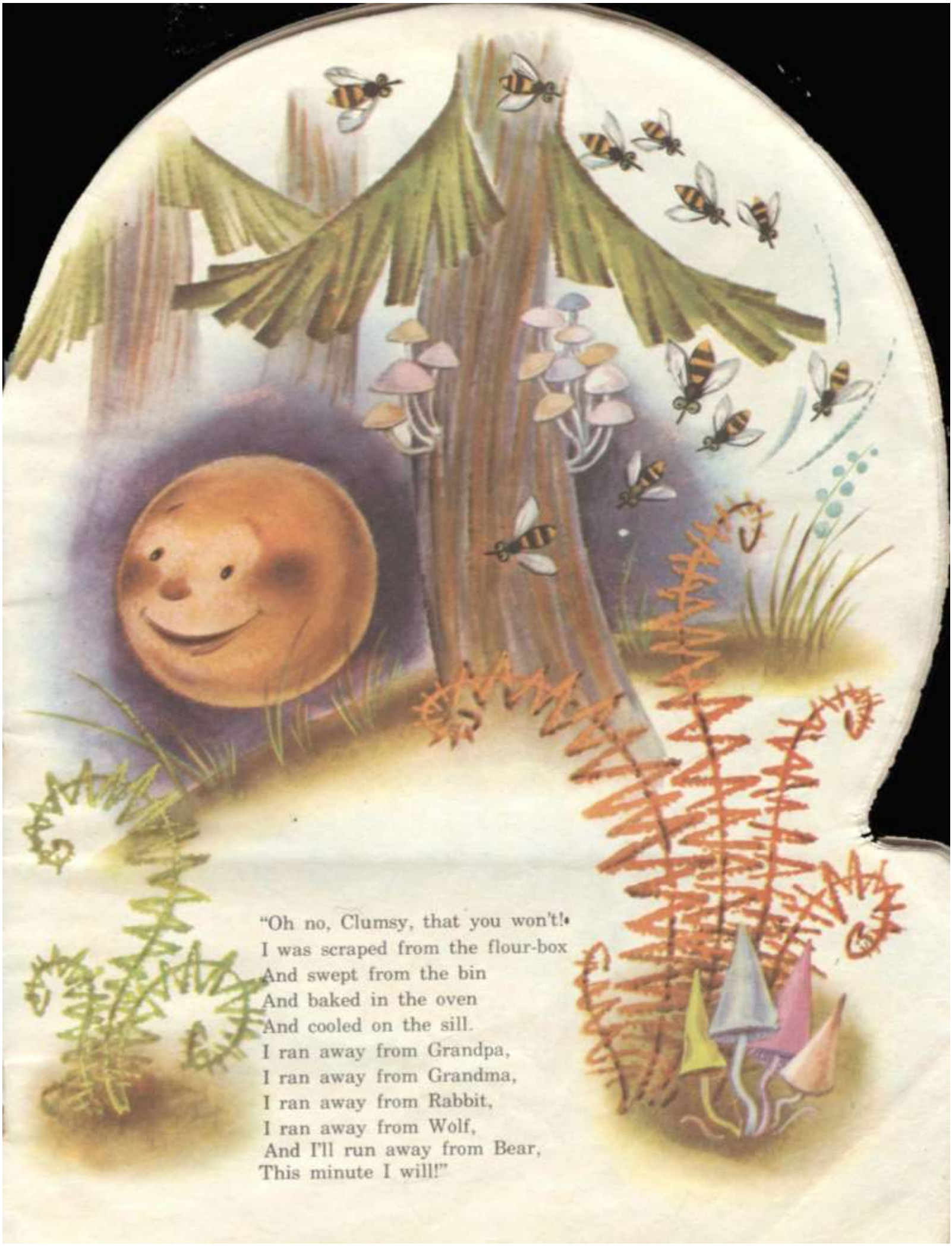
"Don't do that, Grey Wolf, let me sing you a little song."

And Little Round Bun
began to sing:

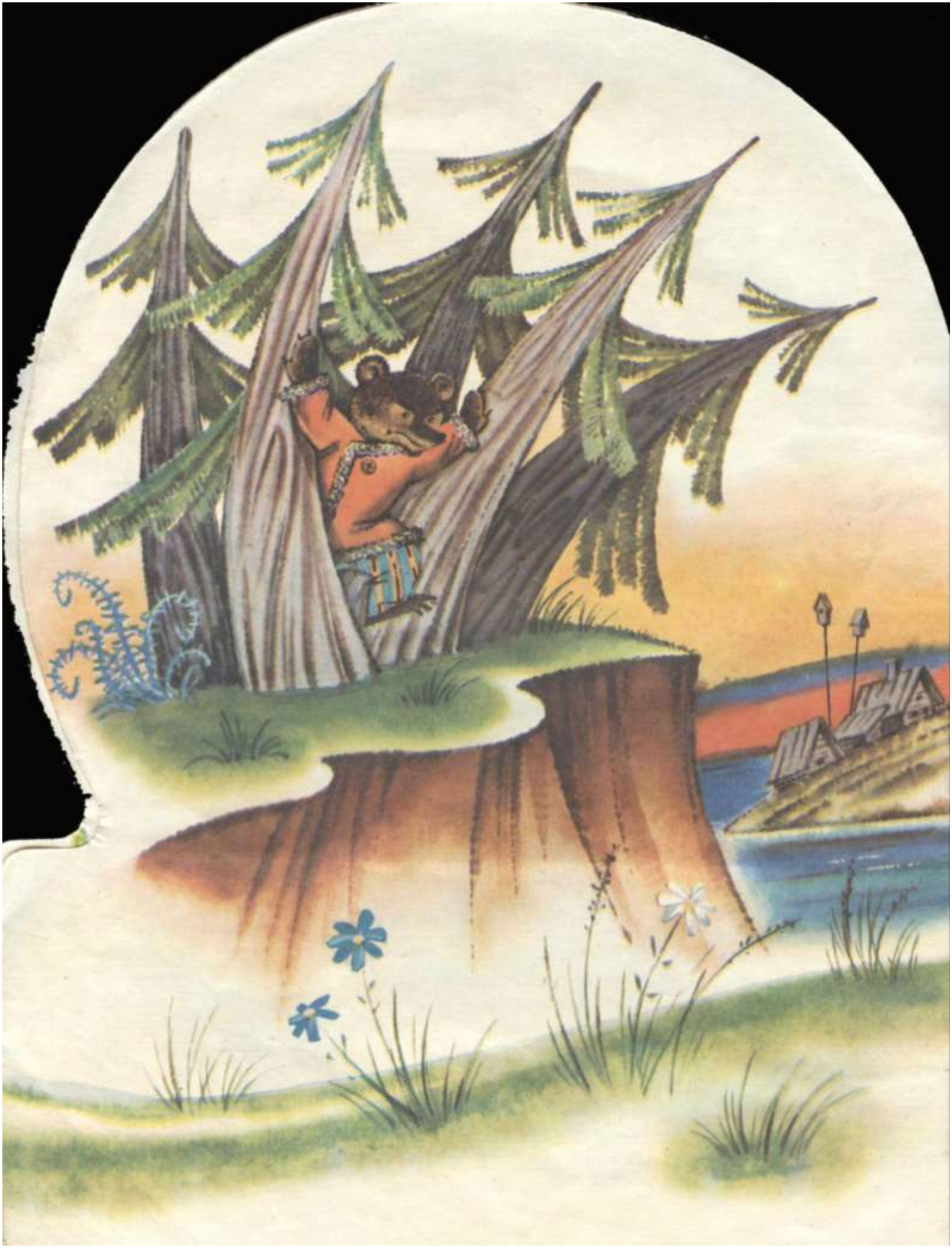
"I was scraped from the flour-box
And swept from the bin
And baked in the oven
And cooled on the sill.
I ran away from Grandpa,
I ran away from Grandma,
I ran away from Rabbit,
And I'll run away from Wolf,
This minute I will!"

And off it rolled and away.

By and it met a Bear coming toward it.
"Stop, Little Round Bun!" called the Bear. "I'm going to eat you up."



"Oh no, Clumsy, that you won't!
I was scraped from the flour-box
And swept from the bin
And baked in the oven
And cooled on the sill.
I ran away from Grandpa,
I ran away from Grandma,
I ran away from Rabbit,
I ran away from Wolf,
And I'll run away from Bear,
This minute I will!"



And off it rolled and away.

By and by it met a Fox coming toward it.

"Hullo, Little Round Bun!" called the Fox. "Aren't you round and brown and rosy!"

Little Round Bun was very pleased at the Fox's praise and it stopped and began to sing:

"I was scraped from the flour-box
And swept from the bin
And baked in the oven
And cooled on the sill.
I ran away from Grandpa,
I ran away from Grandma,
I ran away from Rabbit,
I ran away from Wolf,
I ran away from Bear,
And I'll run away from Fox,
This minute I will!"

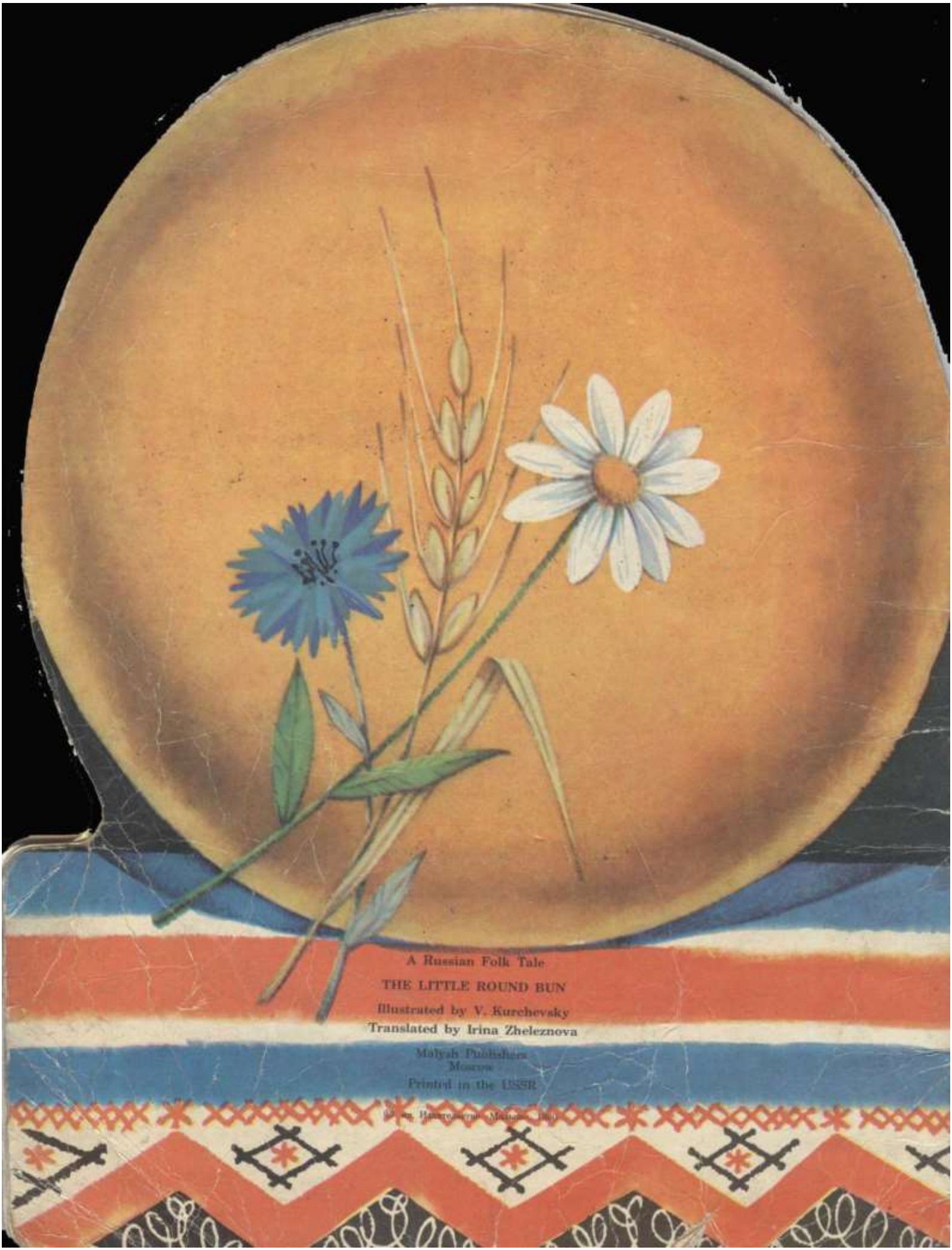
'And it was about to roll on when the Fox said:
"Oh, what a pretty little song! Only I'm afraid I don't

hear very well. Do hop on to my nose and sing again, please."

Little Round Bun jumped on to the tip of the Fox's nose and sang its song over again.

"Thank you, Little Round Bun," said the Fox. "It's a lovely song. Do hop on to my tongue and sing it one last time."

Little Round Bun jumped on to the Fox's tongue, and—snap!—the Fox gobbled it up, and that was the last anyone ever saw of it.



A Russian Folk Tale

THE LITTLE ROUND BUN

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Malysh Publishers
Moscow
Printed in the USSR